OGDEN'S "TAB" CIGARETTES IN PENNY PACKETS CONTAINING 5

THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN™

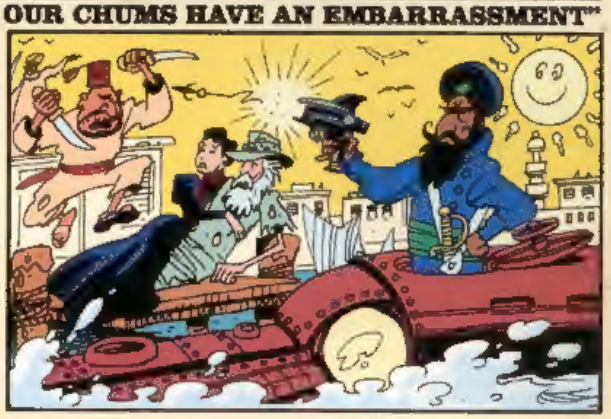
ALAN MOORE
KEVIN O'NEILL

AMERICA'S BEST COMICS

VOL. 1 No 6 (OF 6) $2.95/$4.50 CAN. SEPTEMBER

"THROUGH TRUSTING IN A PORTLY GENT – OUR CHUMS HAVE AN EMBARRASSMENT"

Meeting Miss Murray on the pier, stout Mister Bond cooed in her ear "You must leave for a foreign land, there to enlist a doughty band Who'll serve our country and our Queen! To Egypt, now, by Submarine!" So, aided by a foreign gent (a Naval captain), off she went!

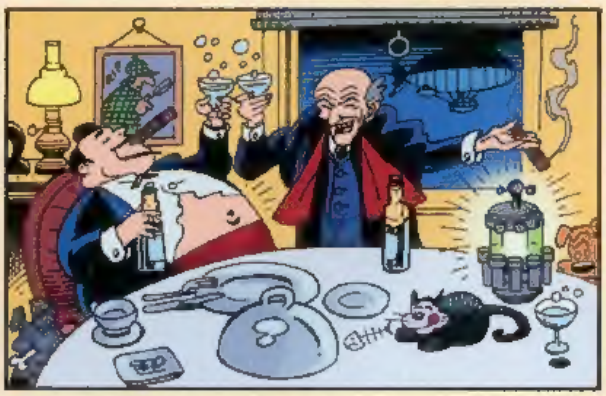


In Egypt, from the addict's pain, they rescued Mr. Quatermain. Taking him with them 'neath the sea as they embarked for Gay Paree! In Paris, they were satisfied to nab the beastly Edward Hyde Then sail him back to Albion fair, awaiting further orders there.

They found their last chum in – what fun! – a girl's school in North Edmonton! With Griffin taken firm in hand, our extraordinary band Discover the outrageous plan of crafty Johnny Chinaman Who's stolen Blighty's Cavorite – a metal with the power of flight!

In Limehouse, at the archfiend's lair, they end his mastery of the air, And see the mystery element returned to England's Government. In river-tunnels deep as night, they seek the fearful Cavorite So that they can at once abscond with it to give to Mr. Bond.

The chubby fellow's filled with glee! "You've all done jolly well!" says he. "Take this reward and have some nosh, a slap-up meal at *Maison Posh*! The Cavorite, with great relief, I'll give to Mr. "M", my chief. He'll be delighted, I just know! Still, simply must dash! Cheerio!"



But wait! What's this? "M", all this time, was the Napoleon of Crime! Professor Moriarty cries "Tonight, my Chinese rival dies! I'll simply bomb East London flat, see what the blighter makes of that!" Horrors! How can our comrades win? To learn the answer, seek within...

"YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE":

A Union of Boys and Girls, chiefly of the Upper and Middle Classes.

IN AID OF

CRIPPLED, BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB, AND SICK CHILDREN OF THE WAIF CLASS.

President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, Duchess of Teck.

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*Vice-Presidentarial Administriser – **Mr. John Nee***

Our Motto: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

OUR DAILY PRAYER:

"Our Father, bless all poor little children throughout the world, and fill our hearts with loving desires to help them, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Boys and Girls living in happy homes the wide world over are invited to become

COMPANIONS of the "YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE,"

by filling up the Special Form of Application for Membership, which will be supplied from the Office, and enclosing therewith a Postal Order for ONE SHILLING to the Secretary of the League, Miss RACHEL NORTON.

"NED WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO WALK STRAIGHT."

For this Annual Subscription of One Shilling, a beautiful Card of Membership will be sent by return of post, and the Quarterly Magazine of the Young Helpers' League," admirably illustrated, will be posted during the year to each enrolled Companion."

To give definiteness to the work of the League, a **Cot** in Her Majesty's Hospital for Waif Children will be allocated to each Habitation, or, if desired, to each Lodge in a Habitation, whose members shall endeavour to contribute, to collect, or to earn by work the amount needful for the annual support of that Cot. (It is hoped after a while to embrace *all* Homes for Crippled Waifs, and *all* Hospitals for Sick Children, within the circle of the League's endeavours.)

To give a sense of ownership to our Companions, each Cot in the Hospital (there are 74, about one-half of these being yet unappropriated) whose support (£30 per annum) is contributed by the leaguers, *will be called after the name of the Habitation or Lodge that collects enough for the annual support of it*, and Companions will be permitted to visit their own Cot in the afternoon of any day. **Ten Cots** have now been so allotted to the League, and these have been named after the Habitations or Lodges which have undertaken to contribute the £30 annually required.

Clergymen and Ministers of all Denominations, Parents and Guardians of Children, Heads of Schools, and all Instructors of Youth, are invited to bring this proposal at once before their young charges, so as to link on the bright, joyous lives of well-to-do children with the less favoured existences of crippled or ailing Waif or Orphan Children whose days are often spent amid suffering, privation, and neglect.

Will not the face of LITTLE NED, one of our Waifs who will never be able to walk straight, plead with every one the cause of his rescued Brothers and Sisters?

Headquarters of the Young Helpers' League:
18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

RACHEL NORTON,
General Secretary of the League.

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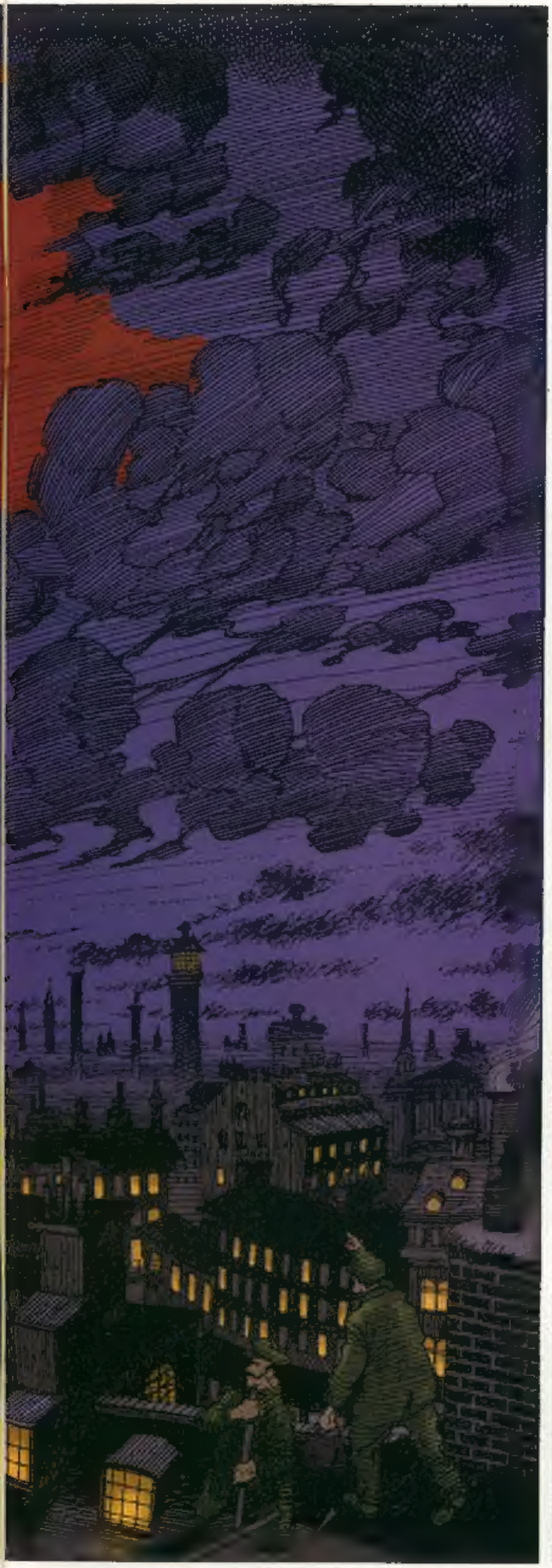
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are?
"Up above the world so high...
"... like a diamond, in the sky."
A DIAMOND IN THE SKY. DO YOU KNOW, SERGEANT, I ALMOST FANCY THAT I LOVE THIS CAVORITE
THIS WONDERFUL, CELESTIAL MATERIAL...
SIR?
IT'S GIVEN ME THE SKY, THIS ELEMENT THAT I WAS SURELY BORN FOR!
Ah, SERGEANT, DOES YOUR SOUL THRILL AS MINE DOES TO THESE SEAS OF CLOUD, TO THIS GOD-LIKE PERSPECTIVE?
TO THIS GOD-LIKE POWER?
LOOK AT IT DOWN THERE. LONDON. JUST LOOK AT IT.
THE THAMES A MARVELOUS PIDDLE-STREAM OF SILVER 'NEATH THE AUGUST MOON.
THOSE HUDDLED LIGHTS, THOSE COUNTLESS TINY LIVES. THE POOR-BUT-HONEST FOLK OF SPITALFIELDS, OF HACKNEY, SHOREDITCH, WAPPING...
LIMEHOUSE.
COMMENCE THE PYRO-EXPLOSIVE BOMBARD-MENT.

6: The Day of Be-With-Us.



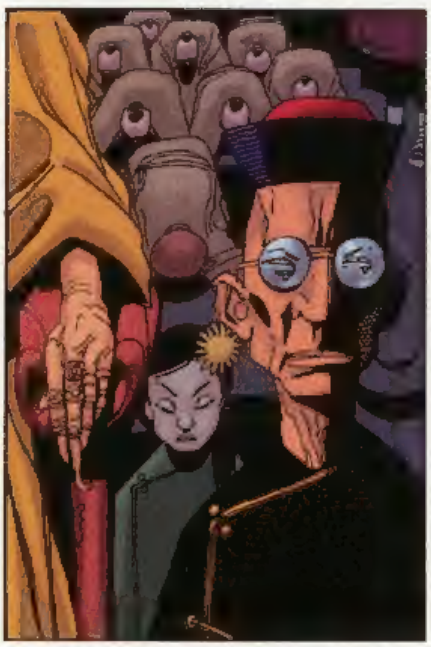
OH DEAR GOD, MR. QUATERMAIN! THIS IS HORRIBLE!
YES. WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE NAUTILUS.
STAND ASIDE. WE'RE IN A HURRY!
SORRY, GUV'NOR.

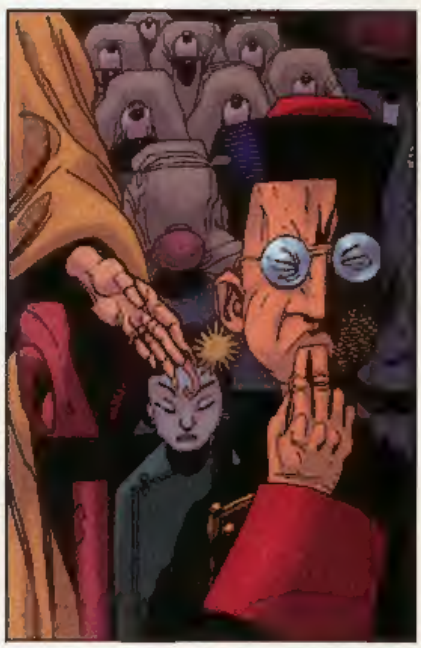
I 'AD 'IS TART'S PURSE, MR. DODGER...
GOOD LAD, MITCHELL... BUT OTHER MATTERS NEED ATTENDIN'.
AIR WAR, BOYS! THAT'S SOMETHIN' NEW! NEEDS ARTFUL SOLUTION, THAT DOES.

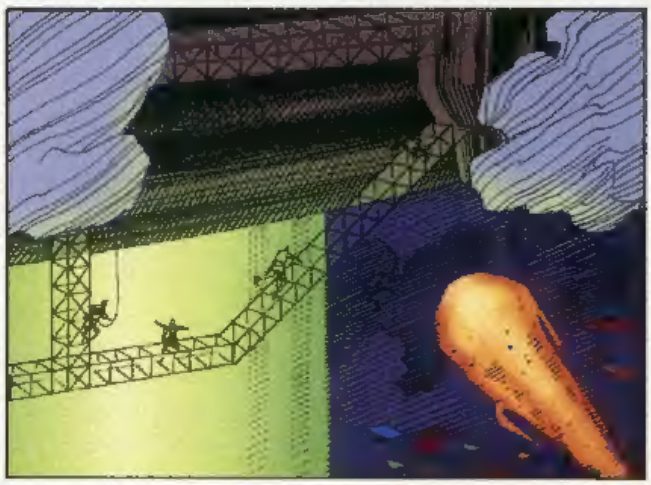
STRIKES ME WHAT'S NEEDED IS SOME SORT O' SHELTER. UNDER THE GROUND, FOR PREFERENCE.
MITCHELL? JEMMY UP A DRAIN-COVER, SHARPISH, LAD.
YUSS, MR. DODGER...

DOWN YOU GO, BOYS. SINGLE FILE. MASTER WATTS, YOU DIRTY DENIZEN OF THE UNDER-WORLD, NO PUSHING!
TONIGHT WE'RE BETTER OFF BELOW.
THE 'OLE LOT OF US...

NEMO? WE WERE TOO LATE! MORIARTY'S LAUNCHED HIS AIR-CRAFT AND HALF THE EAST END IS...
MY GOD! WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?
HOLD HER FAST, MR. MATE.
SHE WAS BEQUEATHED TO ME BY A DOCTOR FERGUSON OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.
HER NAME IS VICTORIA.
SHE... SHE'S INCREDIBLE. BUT SURELY, YOU DON'T PROPOSE WE...
YES, MADAM. IF YOU AND MR. QUATERMAIN WILL BOARD, THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I PROPOSE.
MR. MATE? YOU'RE IN COMMAND WHILE WE'RE GONE.
TH-THAT BOMBING MUST BE NEARING LIME-HOUSE...







DEAR GOD, LOOK AT THAT. THE DOCTOR HAS WAR-KITES AND AERIAL CANNON.
CAN LONDON SURVIVE THIS?

PERHAPS... ALTHOUGH FROM ALL I'VE READ IT IS A CITY THAT IS VERY VULNERABLE TO FIRES.
WE SHALL ATTEMPT TO BRING DOWN PROFESSOR MORIARTY'S AIRSHIP. THAT IS ALL WE CAN DO.
Ahem. AND THAT'S YOUR PLAN? AN UNARMED BALLOON AGAINST THAT THING? NOW I SEE HOW YOU CHAPS DID SO WELL WITH YOUR INDIAN MUTINY...
SHUT UP, GRIFFIN... ALTHOUGH HE HAS A POINT, NEMO. THAT AIR-BOAT'S ARMED TO THE TEETH.
INDEED. YET I AM NOT, MYSELF, ENTIRELY UNPREPARED.
I HAVE HERE SERVICE REVOLVERS FOR MR. GRIFFIN, DR. JEKYLL AND MISS MURRAY.
FOR YOU AND I, QUATERMAIN, THERE ARE MECHANICAL HARPOON GUNS OF MY OWN DEVICE...
I--I DON'T THINK EDWARD WILL REQUIRE A FIREARM.
TH-THAT IS, HE'S TOO BIG TO NEED ONE. AT LEAST, HE IS THESE DAYS.
DO YOU KNOW, I WAS ONCE TALLER THAN HE WAS?
WHILE WISHING YOU NO DISRESPECT, DR. JEKYLL, I SUGGEST YOU MIGHT DELIGHT US WITH THAT ANECDOTE UPON SOME LESS PRESSING OCCASION.
WE'RE APPROACHING THE WARSHIP...

YES WE'RE FORTUNATE THAT THE PREVAILING WINDS FAVOUR US
WHILE I MYSELF PREFER THE SEA, I UNDERSTAND WHY MEN LIKE ROBUR ARE ATTRACTED TO THIS HIGHER ELEMENT
NEMO THIS HARPOON THING, IT'S EXTRAORDINARY HOW DO I FIRE IT?
KEEP THE TRIGGER MECHANISM DEPRESSED [illegible] ITSELF
THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED BOLTS UPON EACH AMMUNITION BELT DON'T FIRE THEM ALL IN THE FIRST MINUTE
ACTUALLY WE [illegible] THAT WARSHIP'S NOT SO BIG AFTER ALL
QUITE
BY ALL THE SAINTS
AAA! THROW A GRAPPLE! SOMEONE THROW A GRAPPLE INTO ITS RIGGING...
O-OH GOD, IT'S HUGE! IT'S

QUICKLY! WE MUST BOARD BEFORE WE ARE NOTICED! I DO NOT DOUBT THIS VESSEL SWARMS WITH THE PROFESSOR'S AGENTS
THANK YOU, DOCTOR BUT I CAN MANAGE PERFECTLY WELL BY MYSELF
Y-YES, OF COURSE I DO APOLOGIZE
I CAN HEAR FIGHTING GOING ON UP AHEAD. THE DOCTOR'S WAR-KITES MUST HAVE ENGAGED

THEY'RE TOO BUSY FIGHTING TO NOT BE US
WE NEED TO FIND THIS SKY-SHIP'S POWER SOURCE IF WE ARE TO DISABLE IT WE NEED TO FIND THE CAVORITE.
COME ON JEKYLL IT'S TIME WE NEED YOU
OW! PLEASE DON'T
HEHEH YOU KNOW ONCE WE HAVE THE CAVORITE WE COULD SELL IT
THAT'S NOT WHY WE'RE HERE. WE'RE HERE TO STOP MORIARTY.
COME ON, YOU DAMNED COWARD! DO YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN?
AAA! STOP IT! MISS MURRAY PLEASE, I
AND PROTECT LONDON AND uhh
BBYE
I. URRRNNGHHH... I TOLD YOU HRRRNNHHHH...

I TOLD YOU TO STOP IT!
HYDE! HYDE, LET HER GO! I M WARNING YOU
THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, MR QUATERMAIN
MR HYDE, YOU ARE HURTING MY HAND, SIR, AND I W L NOT ALLOW THAT
I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL F YOU WOULD RELEASE ME
V-813
V-813
V-813

NOW, I SUGGEST WE HEAD BACK THIS WAY AND ATTEMPT TO LOCATE SOME INGRESS TO THE VESSEL.
I IMAGINE THE CAVORITE WILL BE WITHIN..
FIGHTING, eh? Aheheh. THEN I'M GETTING UNDRESSED
DASH IT! IT'S LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!
HURROH. WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? I'LL SEE TO IT, IF YOU'LL GET OUT OF MY BLOODY PISSING WAY...
.PLEASE
HHRRRRR..
THERE THERE'S RATHER MORE OF THEM THAN I'D ANTICIPATED P-PERHAPS IF WE
EVERYBODY GET DOWN.

D-DEAR GRACIOUS GOD! THAT INHUMAN MECHANISM! -IT'S IT'S SO UNSPORTING!
COME FORWARD! COME FORWARD MEN OF ENGLAND!
TELL THE GODS THAT NEMO SENT YOU!
WHERE'S GRIFFIN?

WHO CARES?
WE DON'T NEED GRIFFIN
JUST LEAVE THESE SCUTTLING LITTLE BLOODBAGS TO ME AND THE DARKY!

AAAA! OH GOD-
I I DON'T WISH TO WITNESS THIS.
WHERE DO WE FIND THE CAVORITE?
UP ABOVE! IT MUST BE! ITS MAGNIFIED LIGHT IS POURING DOWN THROUGH THIS CENTRE WELL...
THE STAIRS SIR, QUICKLY! WE MUST GAIN THE UPPER DECK...
YES YES OF COURSE GOD LOOK AT THEM NEMO
NEMO'S WORSE THAN HYDE
I AGREE HYDE CAN BE PERSUADED NEMO CAN'T.
NOW HURRY! THE TOP DECK S JUST ABOVE! I CAN FEEL THE BREEZE, THE

HM! A WOMAN
HOW AMUSING
AND YOU ARE ?
M- MURRAY WILHELMINA MURRAY
P-PROFESSOR MORIARTY, I HAVE THE GREATEST RESPECT FOR YOU AS A MATH-EMATICIAN.
I-I HAD HOPED I MIGHT CONVINCE
YES, YES YES
SERGEANT?
THROW THIS SMELLY LITTLE LESBIAN OVER THE SIDE
MNA'
OWA
MACHINE PISTOL HM
S SIR? WHAT ?

AH, OF COURSE I SEE
QUATERMAIN

AAA!

O-OH GOD. OH BLOODY HELL
WELL WELL WELL. ALLAN QUATERMAIN. A THIRD-RATE ADVENTURER PLAYING OUT OF HIS LEAGUE
BAD LUCK OLD BOY

M-MORIARTY YOU YOU ROTTEN BASTARD!
OH REALLY. IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
YOU KNOW MY LATE ADVERSARY SPOKE OF YOU OCCASIONALLY

HE THOUGHT YOU WERE A WEAKLING
THERE PR OR TO THIS NEXT BULLET, LET THAT BE THE LAST THING TO PASS THROUGH YOUR

M NO

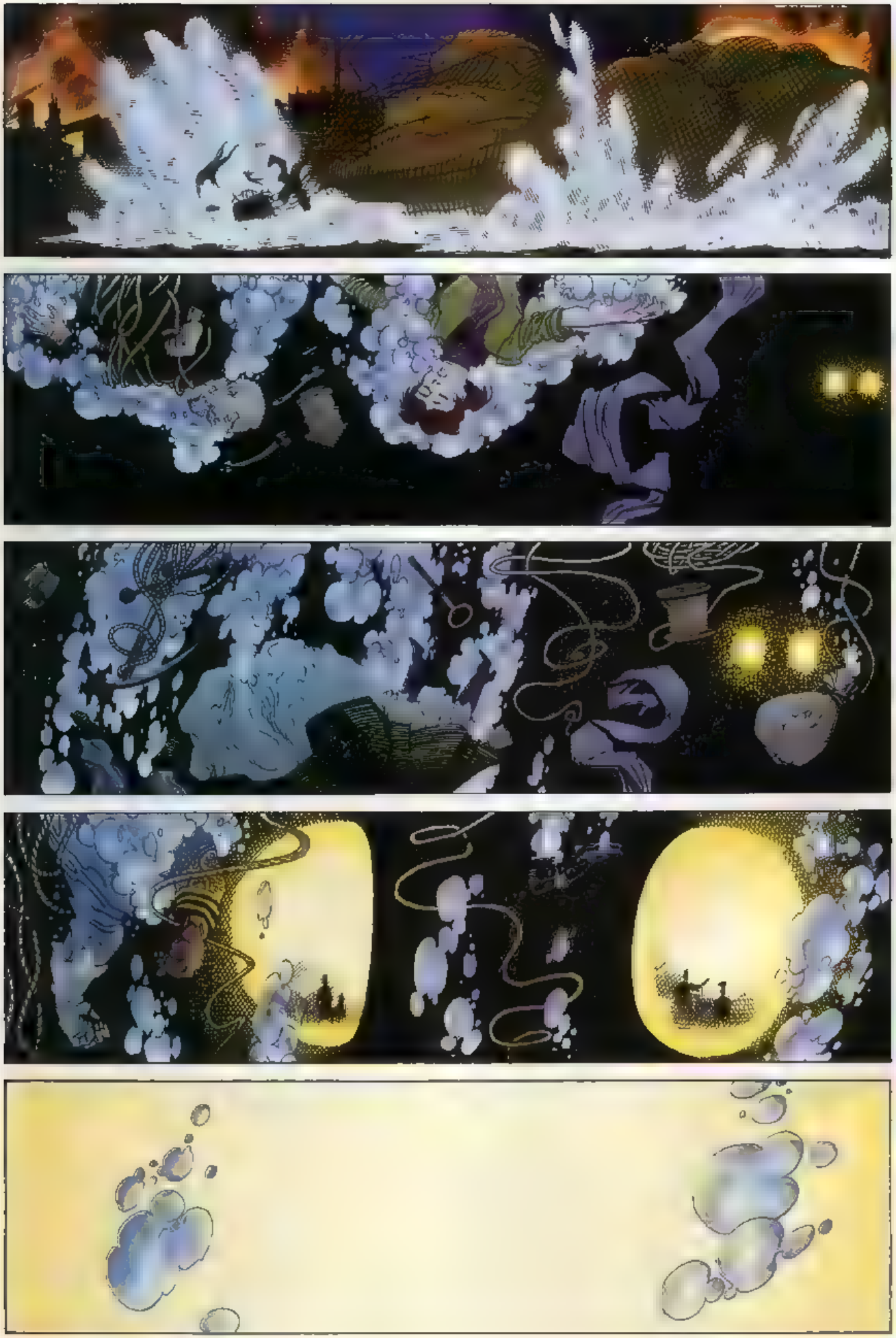
NO NOT THE
CAVORITE I
WON'T ALLOW
T! NO

GOD
GOD, HE'S FALLING INTO THE SKY
GOOD MISS MURRAY, WHAT'S
WHAT'S KEEPING US UP HERE?
OH GOD, RUN! BACK TO THE BALLOON! WE HAVE TO GET THE OTHERS OFF THIS THING
AAA.
AAA, MY ARM!
AAA HYDE! NEMO
I KNOW! WE'RE FALLING!
TRY AND REACH THE BALLOON!
RRARRGH
OH! OH THANK GOD! THE BALLOON'S STILL THERE! IT'S STILL
THERE
AHEHEH
I, AHH
I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE COMING BACK
GRIFFIN, YOU WRETCHED SPORT OF NATURE, CUT THAT ROPE AND I'LL SHOOT YOU!
HERE MISS MURRAY GET ON BOARD!
HURRY, WATERMAN
HYDE! JUMP FOR IT
NO! WHAT ABOUT HIS WEIGHT?
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM!
NNRRRGGHH

GREAT GODS WE'RE DROPPING LIKE A STONE! I WARNED YOU
HYDE LET GO! YOU'RE SINKING US
URRRNGH! BUGGER YOU GREEN

AAAAH!
DEAR GOD DEAR GOD WE'RE GOING TO DIE
PLEASE HOLD ME MR QUATERMAIN!
M-MISS MURRAY? I

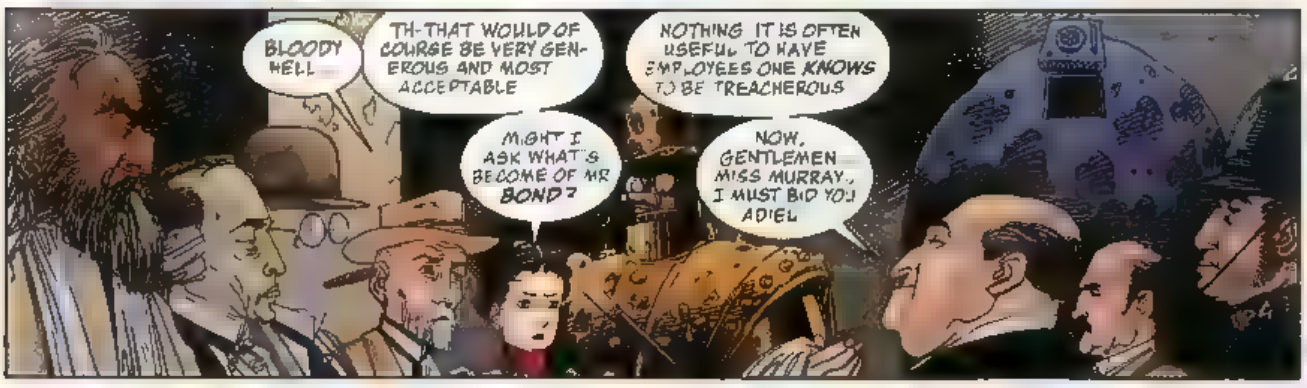
OORRGHH
ALLAN FOR GODS SAKE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, WILL YOU DO AS I SAY?!

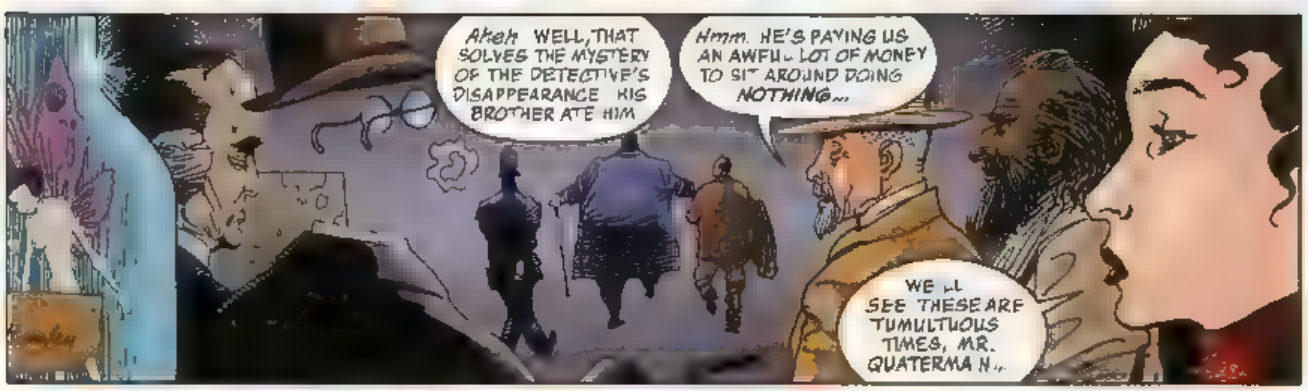


WELL DONE

YOU'VE DONE ME RATHER A GOOD TURN WITH MORIARTY'S DEATH, I BECOME HEAD OF INTELLIGENCE.
THIS SITUATION BENEFITS BOTH MYSELF AND CERTAIN OTHER PARTIES, WHO SHALL NEVER KNOW OF ITS INTRICACIES
AH YOU'RE REFERRING TO YOUR LATE BROTHER. A TRAGIC LOSS

MM
REGARDING THE FIVE OF YOU, IT WOULD SUIT ME IF YOU MIGHT REMAIN HERE AT ENGLAND'S CALL.
A SIGNIFICANT RETAINER WOULD OF COURSE BE PROVIDED I BELIEVE WE COULD DOUBLE MY PREDECESSOR'S OFFER


BLOODY HELL
TH-THAT WOULD OF COURSE BE VERY GENEROUS AND MOST ACCEPTABLE
NOTHING IT IS OFTEN USEFUL TO HAVE EMPLOYEES ONE KNOWS TO BE TREACHEROUS
MIGHT I ASK WHAT'S BECOME OF MR BOND?
NOW, GENTLEMEN MISS MURRAY, I MUST BID YOU ADIEU


AHEH WELL, THAT SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE DETECTIVE'S DISAPPEARANCE HIS BROTHER ATE HIM
HMM. HE'S PAYING US AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY TO SIT AROUND DOING NOTHING...
WE'LL SEE THESE ARE TUMULTUOUS TIMES, MR. QUATERMAIN.

I M SURE SOMETH NG W LL TURN UP
HURRAH! Thus we conclude our first remarkable and rousing narrative but wait What are these ominous and incandescent lanterns, plunging through the London summer skies of 1898? To learn the answer seek out the forthcoming second volume of our chums extraordinary exploits made available from all purveyors of fine literature at some point later in our current century Long live the Queen!

Allan and the Sundered Veil

Authored by Mr. Alan Moore
with Accompanying Illustrations
by Mr. Kevin O'Neill

CHAPTER VI
THE AWAKENING

It had nothing save the dimmest semblance of a self, of an identity. At rest and in its natural state it was one single facet of what might be termed a self-aware idea, a living compound symbol that existed only in the deepest fathoms of the human mind, or in the strange, unbounded immaterial oceans that those depths afforded access to. Those few explorers, be they lunatic or warlock or philosopher, who'd sought to sound these eerie, insubstantial territories and to catalogue the entities they found there, had identified the over-arcing idea-colony and had given it a name. They called it Yuggoth. They perceived it, variously, as a planet, as a god, or as a state of mind

The myriad lesser notions which comprised this hive-like meta-being were in turn seen as subsidiary deities, who functioned both as avatars and envoys to the central, hideously animate conceptual core These individual agents were collectively termed Lloigor, with a separate name ascribed to each, a different range of attributes. To each was allocated its own species of subservient elementals, subjugated to its alien will

The creature that was currently enjoying the sensations of material form there in the fire-lit library of half-ruined Ragnall Hall was then, in a sense, not one but rather several overlapping gels of consciousness, of self Somewhere within it, it was Yuggoth, the mother-complex of insidious alien ideas that drifted in the dark backwaters of the human mind and soul. Upon a lower, more immediate level it was the Lloigor named Ithaqqa, worshipped in the arctic regions as a demon of the upper air, or of the intellectual faculty in man. Most intimately, in as much as one might say that it was capable of understanding anything, it understood itself to be a nameless elemental of the kind known as wind-walkers, or sometimes as Wendigo.

In its customary habitat, which was a timeless, blissful vortex of deep, curdled indigo, its shape and form were like the astral counterpart of some repulsive gorgeous hybrid between the crustacean and the coelenterate. From its light-beaded upper canopy of jellyfish-frilled skirts depended long and trailing many-jointed legs, cased in an iridescent chitin. While at rest, the thing existed in an infinite continuum of perfect and delirious pleasure, but, at this current place and moment in the fields of space-time, it was not by any means at rest. It was at work, and active in the solid, awkward world of flesh and matter

The body it inhabited had an unpleasant warmth; a soft, five-pointed star of rind and pulp enclosing a strange, spider-like machinery of brittle bone. An awful heaviness weighed everywhere about it in its new surroundings, and it first failed to comprehend how such a delicate, unwieldy organism might be made to move at all. While tugging randomly at nerves and muscles in the leaden darkness that surrounded it, it chanced to raise what seemed to be twin shutter-mechanisms covering the host-creature's optic sensors. Light and form and colour flooded in, a stunning and incomprehensible deluge

It seemed to be within an enclosed cube of perfectly transparent gas constrained by flat plane surfaces of solid and material substance, overhead, below, and to all sides. Within this area were other forms, apparently inanimate, and two separate shapes, five pointed in the manner of the elemental creature's current host, that moved, and from which hateful, high-pitched noises issued. Lifting itself up as best it could upon the bone struts radiating from its central body-mass, the Wendigo began to crawl across the cold, hard surface there beneath it, as it made its way towards the chamber's other living beings, to investigate. To see what they were made of

****

Allan Quatermain was falling, in a gemmed glissade of sheer and whirling brilliance, tumbling from the weird ethereous latitudes in which he had so lately travelled, back towards the mortal plane where his corporeal form, vacated of its spirit, sprawled insensate on the parquet floor of Lady Ragnall's crumbling library

In his discorporate wanderings, the explorer had seemed to encounter other displaced souls, encamping with them, ultimately, on the upper surface of a massive and bewildering time-gem in whose depths disturbing glimpses of present and future were made visible. Just such a glimpse, of the horrific circumstances currently back there in the mortal world at Ragnall Hall, had spurred the numinous adventurer to take flight back to the material realm and his abandoned flesh, before it was too late.

Below him now, if there was any such thing as below in the directionless cascade of which he was a part, Quatermain saw an image, small at first, of the familiar, book-lined, hearth-lit room where he had quaffed the bitter and transporting fumes of the exotic drug taduki, it seemed an eternity ago. By concentrating on this scene of relative stability within the furious metaphysic flow

Allan and the Sundered Veil

about him. Allan found that he was able to propel himself towards it, so that it appeared to swell about him, opening to enfold him in the mundane petals of that human room, that human moment.

The frenetic, howling tumult of the psychic flow about him ceased. Quatermain floated, an invisible and disembodied wraith, at a point just below the reassuringly firm-looking and familiar ceiling of the library. Turning his attentions to the drama being acted out beneath him on that hellishly-illuminated stage, the famous hunter's most phatasmagoric apprehensions were in one stark instant realized

Crawling through the leaping, page-strewn shadows of the library floor, arched over backwards like a monstrous quadrupedal crab, its head and face inverted so that the familiar features found a new and alien context with the rolling eyes below the grimacing, contorting gash that was its mouth, the recklessly abandoned mortal shell of Allan Quatermain had clearly become host to a new and most decidedly unwelcome tenant.

Sat bolt upright on her makeshift bed there at the chamber's centre Allan saw the frail and bird-like Lady Ragnall screaming, shrill with panic, as the horribly contorted and possessed form of the great explorer moved with an unsettling and arachnid-like deliberation towards the dowager and her imposing maidservant, the statuesque Marisa. This proud beauty of the Africas stood fast between her mistress and the nightmare which advanced upon them both through the deceptive, flickering fire-glow, her hands moving in what Quatermain assumed to be magical gestures, these accompanied by rapid streams of incantation from the woman's full, dark lips. She seemed to be attempting to repel the hostile and invasive spirit that had taken residence within the skin of the adventurer, resorting in extremity to ancient charms and rituals of banishment drawn from the long traditions of her people, who had known the drug taduki since time immemorial.

The spells and imprecations seemed to have no visible effect upon the progress of his stolen body as it lurched and creaked across the floor towards the frightened women. Quatermain feared that whatever strange intelligence was currently residing in his borrowed flesh was one from far outside the witch-woman's experience, or, indeed, her wildest dreams. He feared, further to this,, that he himself knew with precision what had commandeered his empty shell.

During his sojourn outside the perimeters of ordinary reality, he had encountered a most enigmatic individual known only as "The Time Traveller". This personage had sought to alert Allan and the astral crew that Quatermain had by then fallen in with to the dangers of a monstrous, alien threat from outside our familiar Universe It seemed now, to the bodiless and hovering adventurer, as if these otherworldly forces had enjoined in a precautionary attack upon such mortals as might serve to hinder their infernal and unfathomable design.

The crawling travesty had by now reached the desperately incanting servant woman. One of its hands, contorted to a crab-like claw, lashed out to fasten viciously upon the ankle of the ebon beauty, fingernails pressed hard into her skin and drawing blood. Its eyes glared, mad with hatred, in that almost unfamiliar and inverted face. It snapped its teeth together with a dreadful clacking sound that left the floating, disembodied Quatermain with no illusion as to its intentions If he did not wish to witness his own body as it murdered and attempted to devour two helpless women, then he must act quickly Working solely from his instincts, as he'd done through his entire career, he mustered such resources as there were in his ethereal form and dived towards his capering and stolen flesh

To be immersed in mortal form again, the hot breath whistling his lungs, was as profound a shock as to plunge suddenly into an icy pool. More shocking still was the appalling, hideous sensation of a body shared, the sense that he was not completely alone inside his skin. No sooner had his astral self re-entered the familiar contours of his earthly frame than Allan felt himself attacked by something that was with him in that previously inviolate and personal darkness. A brief impression came to him of mollusc-sticky ruffs and rills, of clattering, many jointed legs that scrabbled frantically for purchase on his psychic essence, yet he found that he could not construct a picture of exactly what he wrestled with. It was, perhaps, the very pinnacle of fear, as if one were tied fast inside a lightless sack with some unknown and vicious jungle beast for company He screamed, and there in his interior blackness, something screamed beside him

As the suddenly convulsing body of their guest released its painful hold upon her ankle, bloodied fingers clawing at the air, Marisa gasped and took a step back She gazed down with uncomprehending horror at the old man's body as it thrashed and writhed and twisted at her feet. Quatermain seemed to scratch and slap at his own face, as in a paroxysm of self-disgust. Foam-spattered lips worked, upside down, upon that crazed, contorted face, and yet it seemed as if not one but two unearthly, anguished howls were issued from within.

Remembering her mistress suddenly, Marisa glanced behind her at the shape slumped in the hollow of the face-to-face divans The thin, emaciated hand was raised across the sunken breast, that neither rose nor fell, to clutch the fabric of the dowager's robe into a crumpled rose above the heart. The eyes stared, empty, into flame-licked emptiness and with a cold, dull pang Marisa understood that Lady Ragnall was no more among the living. Though the dowager had, through the long years of Marisa's service, grown to be more of a companion than employer, the dark beauty could spare no more than an instant in regret for Lady Ragnall's passing. There were more immediate matters that must be attended to, if she and Quatermain were not to follow her late mistress to the land of shades. Steeling herself, she returned her attention to the thrashing and possessed form at her feet.

Quatermain's features and the agonised expression stretched across them seemed to flow and flicker in the hearth-light, so that for an instant it would be the face of the explorer Marisa saw, with human pain and panic shining from his eyes, only to be replaced in the next moment by a grimacing, contorting travesty, in whose gaze only murder and appalling knowledge burned Marisa thought that, at the last, she understood what had occurred.

Conditions such as this had been described by her own tribesmen in relation to taduki-usage, part of their accumulated lore about the subject, but Marisa noted, only in the very oldest and most sinister of their traditions did they speak of monstrous possessions such as Quatermain seemed to be presently in thrall to. When they spoke of such they would refer to the phenomenon by a variety of names, and all these names, Marisa understood, spoke only of one thing: Great Old Ones. Fruit of Yuggoth. Lloigor. Creatures from beyond the rational boundaries of Being, hoverers upon the edge of space and time that sought for nothing save an entry to the human world, that they might claim it as their own. These many names were never mentioned by Marisa's people without a reflexive movement of the hand, the sketching of a talismanic symbol in the air to ward away malignant influence. Wild-eyed, the tall obsidian beauty looked about her for a scrap of paper and some writing tools with which she might construct this "Elder Sign" herself and in this manner aid the man who writhed and twisted like a landed fish upon the library floor before her.

She ripped out the empty flyleaf from a book of Swinburne's poetry that was nearby, and plucking up a letter knife, attempted to draw blood from her own hand with which she might inscribe the necessary prophylactic hieroglyph. As she did so, Quatermain rolled over in his paroxysm, shuddering and roaring in his hideous battle with himself. One of his flailing legs thrashed out and, in its passing, knocked one of the larger blazing books from its position in the hearth, onto the parquet floor. The spiteful tongues of flame licked up towards the dry and brittle pages of the other tomes that lined the chamber's

"A brief impression came to him of mollusc sticky ruffs and rills "

Allan and the Sundered Veil

walls. Marisa cursed, and knew that she had even less time to accomplish that which needed to be done. The paper-knife moved once, decisively, across her palm, and as the blood welled up, Marisa dipped her finger in it, as a stylus, and began to scrawl her scarlet ritual marks upon the torn-out page.

Quatermain was in Hell. He knew, with a despairing certainty, that his was not the stronger of the warring personalities that skirmished in his flesh. The drive and fury of the ectoplasmic foe's attack had the implacable, unreasoning intensity of a typhoon or hurricane. Another moment, Allan knew, would see his very soul torn up and shredded, made to so much spiritual confetti by the dozen, clawing, scrabbling arms of his attacker. As the utter essence of him was dragged bloodied to the howling threshold of annihilation, Quatermain was all but unaware that there about him, Lady Ragnall's library had begun to burn as if in an approximation of the purgatory in which he knew himself to be.

Afraid to get too close to the explorer's whirling arms lest she be blinded, stunned, or made by other means incapable, Marisa hoped that she had drawn her hasty talisman correctly. Carmine lines described a seven-pointed star, with, at its centre, the hooked sun-wheel sacred to the Vedic faiths. Summoning all her courage, she lunged forward, shouting ancient names of power as she pressed the ensanguined scrap to the explorer's perspiration-beaded brow.

Quatermain screamed, the blackness about him all of a sudden pierced by a strange, esoteric mark, limned in red fire, whose radiance was blasting, devastating, terrible. He screamed, but that which was beside him in the blackness screamed much louder, with an urgency that sounded almost mortal. Boiling up out of his mind, his body, the possessing creature was, for a bare instant visible to human sight. Marisa gasped and took a step back, marveling at the shimmering display of bilious light that hung above the still-convulsing form of the adventurer. It was a thing of undulating veils, grotesquely mobile and articulated pincers, wavering in centipede-like unison. The sparks of brightness next became an after-image of themselves, a rash of coloured blotches spreading on the retina, and then were gone.

Marisa helped the dazed and mumbling explorer to his feet, then did her best to steer the pair of them out from the blazing library to the chilly terraces and lawns beyond the confines of the fire-doomed mansion. Quatermain sprawled, resting with his back against a dark and hulking tree-stump in the manor grounds, the leaping flame-light of the burning building dancing in his glazed and staring eyes. Tearing a strip from her long gown to quell the bleeding from her palm, the servant girl considered, at some length, what she should do about the clearly traumatised adventurer.

He was, quite evidently, cursed. Amongst Marisa's tribe it was well known that those who earned the enmity of the Great Old Ones from outside of time and space would, in all likelihood, be plagued continually by these deathless and malicious entities for the remainder of their lives. To be in close proximity to persons so afflicted was to risk calling the dire attentions of the Old Ones down upon one's self. Marisa's safest course of action was, unfortunately, all too plain. Staring, mesmerised and horror-stricken, at the conflagration that devoured both Lady Ragnall's homestead and, somewhere inside, the dowager herself, Quatermain did not notice as Marisa took her leave. He was not destined to encounter her again, now would he ever more experience the drug which she alone had access to, that terrible and captivating render of reality known in the world's most occult, twilight corners as taduki.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Of course, all this was years ago.

Quatermain barely now remembered that appalling night, or the disorienting morning after when he found himself, ill and amnesiac, stumbling through the grounds surrounding the burned-out remains of Lady Ragnall's manor. The black, enigmatic servant woman and her cache of the drug that Quatermain now hungered for were nowhere to be found.

Allan had drifted, as a tramp, to London, and from there had worked his passage to the Middle East, where opium was plentiful and would to some degree assuage the pain of separation from the old adventurer's preferred narcotic, the sublime taduki. Now he floated in a carefree, amniotic darkness, possibly in some side street of Cairo, though in truth, he cared not where he was. The only flaw in the explorer's artificial paradise was the persistent female voice that seemed to penetrate his reverie, demanding his attention, begging him to wake. Reluctantly, he let his eyes creak open.

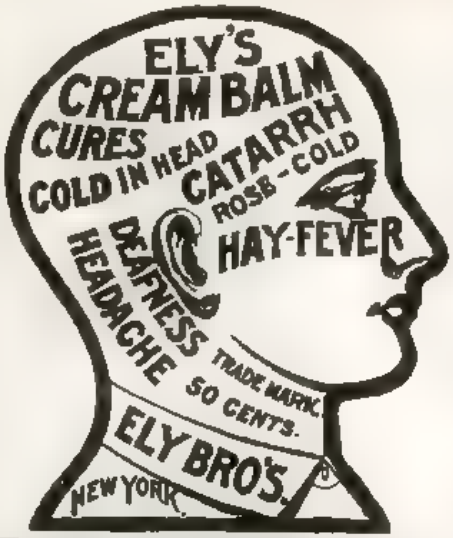
She was beautiful. And yet the pursed, prim rosebud mouth, the carefully bound-up black hair all kindled in the world weary explorer's breast a pang of faint alarm, of recognition. Had he seen this face before, and if so, where? In the insensible, drug fuddled depths of Allan's mind sounded a chime of deep unease, a chill and shiver-bringing wind blown through the veil, the curtains that surround our narrow, mortal premises. He did not know this woman, did not want to face the fraught, precarious future that he sensed she represented.

"Go away," he slurred, then once more closed his eyes.

But she did not go away.

And everything occurred, according to its course.

THE END



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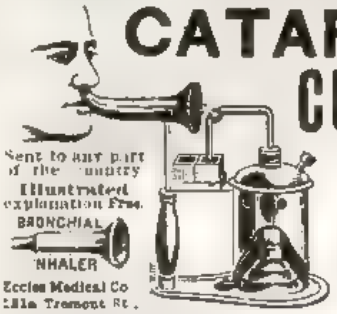

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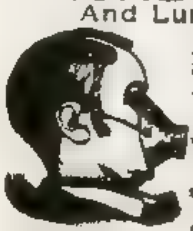

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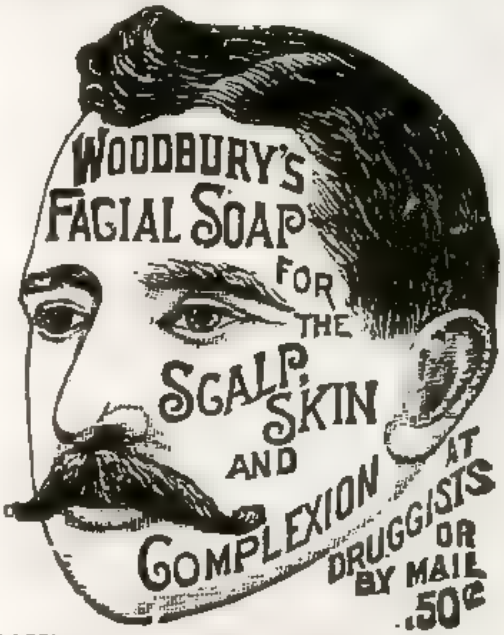

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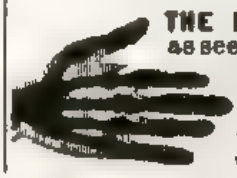

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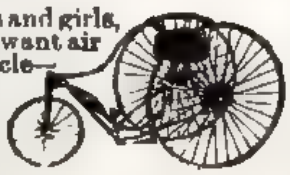

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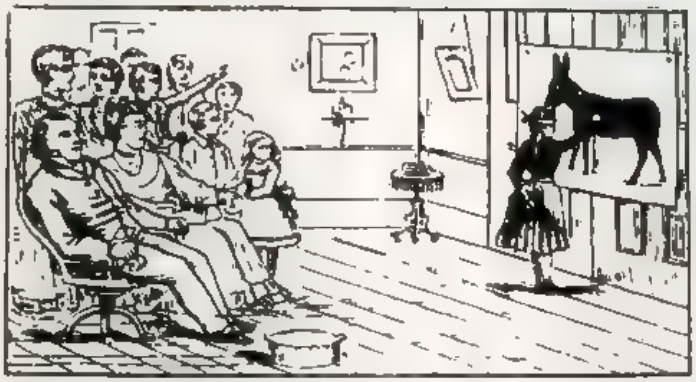

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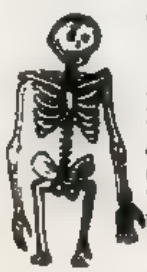

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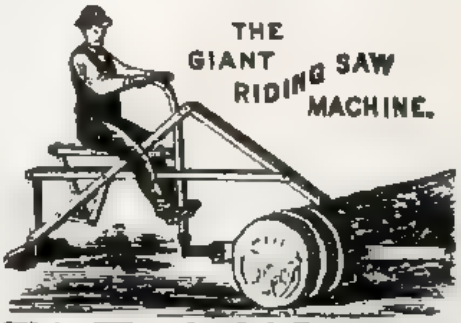

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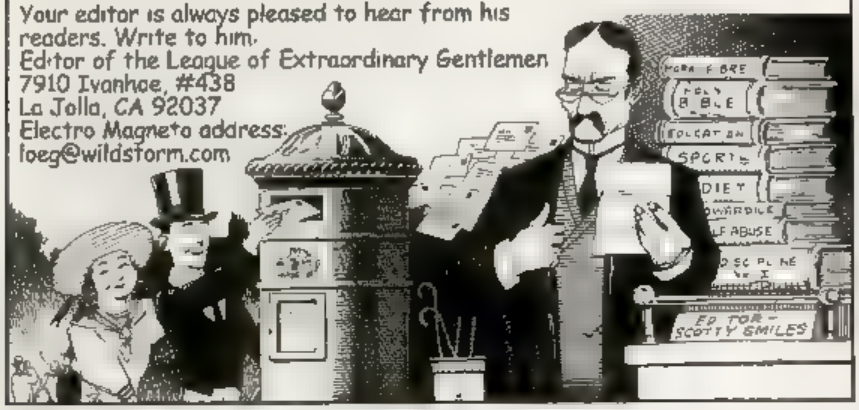

Though Life be dismal furlongs filled with naught save profitless and empty toil, rewarded only with the yawning horror of the grave, yet still we may find comfort and, above all, entertainment in the final wretched utterances of those thoughtful enough to predecease us:

Edmund, Viscount Cheddington (Immured in dung) *"Yes, the lynch pin on this wagon's tail-board does seem rather stiff. I'll wager one more decent whack will settle things."*

Miss Lillian Belter (Drinks hostess aboard the Titanic) – *"More ice, anyone?*

Colonel George "Gerty" Donovan, 5th Bengal Lancers *"Nobody panic. The important thing to remember is that the tiger is, in fact, a gentle herbivore. His loyalty may be assured by a simple pat on the head and a proffered handful of grass, like so..."*

Dear Gentlemen

Enough is enough!

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Please let me know

Yours Truly

Roberto Vecchi Mantelli

Italy

Enough is far from enough, sir! In our opinion, enough is considerably too little, and only too much is enough. This was certainly the viewpoint of your own Roman ancestors, who did much to advance civilization with their roads, philosophy, orgies, electing their livestock as Emperor, and so forth. By contrast, with its new laissez-faire "enough is enough" doctrine, Italy has, in recent years, produced only the aerated coffee. I trust I have made my point. In addition, might I point out that this over-caffeinated state has almost certainly exacerbated your impatience, as none of our other readers have reacted to the modest, trivial delay between issues with anything save the most sublime equanimity.

To Whom it may concern –

I must announce, what is the cause of the delay? Were my man-servant as listful and zestless in performance as you. I would have him out in a flash and flog him to within an inch of his life

The passing between issues is agonising, and my chemist can recommend no substitute. I have tried re-using old issues, but they merely wear out after 20-30 uses.

Yours faithfully,

Tom Vardon

"Marvellous" Melbourne, Australia

"Listful"? Sir, the fact that you are almost certainly descended from convicts and deportees is not, you may be sure, a license to go stumbling about, probably the worse for Mr. Foster's patented light beer, making up words willy-nilly at the drop of a cork-festooned hat! Also, I must reprimand you for this petulant expression of annoyance over our refreshingly light-hearted attitude to publication schedules. We ourselves regard the pace at which our periodicals appear as dignified and stately. No-one other than yourself has offered aught but gratitude and warm encouragement regarding our endeavour, except for an Italian, which speaks for itself. Fie, sir, and for shame.

Dear Sirs –

I cannot and will not wax lyrically about The Extraordinary League of Gentlemen. Nor will I contemplate my navel about it's hidden meaning – it's not my style of wank quite frankly. So I will be brief

I have just two requests:

1. What has happened to the above mentioned comic?

2. When can we expect it to continue?

Ok, so I lied

3. And if not why?

I would certainly appreciate a quick response. Please. Don't make me beg. The world needs this comic damnit. Needs it. (Especially New Zealand.)

Thanks

Megan Bond

The correct answers to your three questions are, clearly, as follows: 1. "What has happened to it? Well, it has clearly been beset by a deluge of intemperate queries from remote corners of the globe, any one of which is enough to trigger another of Mr. O'Neill's debilitating "pregnancy" pages, or to set Mr. Moore off into another of what he calls his "Morphine sulks". Is that what you want? Is it?" 2. "Well, in light of the above circumstances, you may expect it to continue once every woman, maidservant, ewe and heifer in the Home Counties has been socially ruined, forcibly and upon a number of occasions, by the disastrously aroused artist. Or, alternatively, once the writer has found a new doctor, one who has seen it all and just doesn't give a D___ about professional ethics anymore." 3. "Madame, please let go of my sleeve and stop following me or I shall be forced to summon a police officer" With regard to what may or may not be one's "style of wank", we defer to DeBrett's *Etiquette of Onan*, which states that any style may be deployed without breach of manners, unless one is (a) at a restaurant, (b) seated in a place of worship, or (c) at tea with the Astors. In these instances, one should always remove one's hat before commencing.

To the most esteemed Editor of "The League."

Humble greetings to you, kind sir

Having been a longtime admirer of the work of the Northampton Nightingale, from his initial mad scribblings in the pages of *1900AD* and *Professor What Weekly*, through such classics as *V for Veronica*, *The Miracle Chap* and the touching *Bog Watcher*, I have always felt this crazed madman to have his twitching finger on the pulse of the penny dreadful. Although glad that he is locked away in his turreted castle with only a pen, some paper and a bottle of Vicks Vapour Rub for company, his is obviously a madness that looks upon the world with a keen eye and a saucy demeanour. Who can forget the seaside-postcard humour of *Hatchmen*, or the raucous smut of *The Ballad of Herod Jones*?

Alas, for so long I have been concerned that, after an obvious change in this strange lunatic's medication, he has currently turned his attention in stranger directions, resulting on two blustery and confounding visions – *Voice of the Fireman*, and the frankly lewd and unsavoury tale entitled *From Helsinki*. Was the gentle penny dreadful to be abandoned forever? Would the Northampton Nightingale now only lie in a laudanum-induced haze, imbibing boiled sweets and asking for the furry lizard to be put out?

Well, hurrah for the cunning coves of America's Best Comics for, by spreading the finest purveyor of this most disposable yet pleasing medium of graphic adventuring to return to the fold with a ripping tale of the Empire's finest. Yes, I say to you sir that *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* is the tale that shows Britain at it's greatest! Glory in our achievements, and hurrah for the sight of Johnny Foreigner getting what-for at the hands of the true servants of the crown! Every issue has been a true marvel (even though I have had to assassinate several dealers in order to obtain issues 1-3. Kindly rectify this situation as soon as possible), full to the brim with comely English virtues and ripping adventure, and I await the arrival of the concluding part of this picture periodical with unwavering levels of glee! All hail to the Northampton Nightingale, and All hail *The League of Gentlemen!*"

Brigadier Alasdair Gordon Smythe-Redbridge Phillips-Ogilby Smurt Bycoonar Forthringay Britches Chaffinch Wiper, late of the Third Fifty Foot Rifles, Africa Campaign

Dictated by

Saxon Bullock, Esq

in deepest South London

Sent by Electro Magneto

We thank you, sir, for your concern regarding our notoriously over-medicated scribe, and hasten to assure you that no matter what pretence the author makes for lofty, literary aspirations, his outpourings shall never lose, not manage to successfully disguise, the cheery, vulgar, proletarian aura of the dog-fouled gutter. He would like to think, however, that with this current venture he and Mr. O'Neill have managed to transcend the "Penny Dreadful", and have instead given genesis, in his own words, to the "Three Dollar ****ing Awful".

Dear Sir –

A brief note congratulating you on your beautiful use and depiction of Nemo Sahib. It is about time that such heroes of Hindustan were recognised, and the fact be acknowledged that there were great men active on both sides of the so-called "Mutiny"

It is a shame that Nemo Sahib concentrated his efforts over the domains of the seas, rather than on the plains of the Sind or Punjab. I am sure that with his cunning, so ably demonstrated in issues 4 and 5 in outmanoeuvring Moriarty himself, the shackles of the Imperial Raj would have been cast off far more swiftly than they were in 1947!

I look forward to the resolution of this series in what promises to be a most exciting climax above London, and just hope that it's not ruined by a Deux A Machina in a deer stalker (you know who I mean!)

Yours sincerely

Mr Sarwat Chadda (Rajah in exile)

Sir, congratulations are most gratefully received. For our part, the depiction of Verne's Nemo is born of dislike for the fashion by which Western media unvaryingly characterise those of Indian descent as high-voiced, wobbly-headed, timid, ineffectual shopkeepers or menials. Clearly, such people have never had several hundred of you wild eyed fanatical devils over-run their cannon positions. Or wondered why your deities possess so many arms, the great majority of which are holding something sharp. For the splendid richness of your culture, sir, and for a history of battle-psychosis that all but surpasses our own, we salute you.

Dear Sirs -

I have, on several occasions, while engaged in the reading of your rather infrequent serial picto-novel, noticed the Square and Compasses, the emblem of the Free and Accepted Masons, on the exterior walls and door plates of Her Majesty's Military Intelligence Division 5 Headquarters, Vauxhall

As a Freemason, I am, I assure you, quite pleased by this. The Craft, as well as the International Order of Oddfellows, the Red-Headed League, and the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, have always enjoyed a rather extensive popularity in England under the rule of our Queen.

But, alas, I am in a bit of a quandary. I feel compelled to ask you why you associate the Order with a man of such unsavoury and dubious character, as Professor Moriarty. Why, the very thought! I should think the man should be stricken from our rolls

The Craft is a benevolent society whose membership includes the likes of Prince Edward, Rudyard Kipling, Goethe, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and Matthew Webb, the first chap to swim across the English Channel back in '75

I only hope, my good sirs, you will correct this error in the final installment of your periodical. Freemasons are gentlemen of extraordinary character, and it would be more befitting to see them in league with then likes of men, such as Allan Quatermain and Sherlock Holmes.

In closing, I should like to remind you of the power and scope of our fine fraternal organization, and that, if amendments are not made in the final episode of your serial narrative, regarding the quality of membership of our splendid institution, your very lives, and I feel I must add, the lives of all around you, may befall dire straits at the hands of some deranged Brother Mason

Fraternally Yours,

James Foster 32°

Senior Stewart, Free and Accepted Masons,

Assistant Tyler, Ancient Order Accepted Scottish Rite,

Master of the Third Veil, Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons.

Knight, Holy Grail Commandery, Knights Templar.

Sir, and... dare I say it?... brother, we most humbly, beg your forgiveness. When we spoke to Mr. Moore about the clearly biased and wrong-headed treatment of your own illustrious brotherhood within the pages of this journal, he grew pale and confessed instantly that all depictions of insignia related to your order were the work of Mr. O'Neill, who, the author suggested, is probably a Papist with a name like that. If anyone is to be found suspended under Blackfriars Bridge with house-bricks down their underpants, he feels it should more properly be this chapbook's artist than himself. He also urges you not to read a recent publication called *From Hell*, which was written by another author who, coincidentally, has the same name that he does And he raises his arms from the elbows, palm outwards and asks "Will no one help the widow's son?", but frankly we're not entirely sure where he's going with that one.

Dear Sirs

Yes, well, please consider my previous communication with you to be of no consequence It would appear to my barrister, that my correspondence from earlier this evening could be misconstrued as a threat of personal harm. This is not it's intent. I meant only to have the previous letter appear in your fine, albeit somewhat infrequent publication. No harm, no foul, my good men! Rest assured, you are as safe as can be. Carry on

Fraternally Yours

James Foster 32°

Well, thank the Great Architect of the Universe for that. I take it, then, that we can all put these trowels away, roll our trouser legs down and relax?

Dear Sirs

Congrats on bringing Danger Girl to the Public

So we see the loose ends of the Holmes Moriarty war

The origin of "M"

The beginning of "MI 6"

A prelude to War in the Sky final.

I love this book so much, it got me to search on the Net about who this woman was after issue 1, who was this Mina Murray person

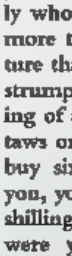
This book got a few youngsters (under 14) to go to the library and look for *Dracula* and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.

Thanks, and I will buy 3 issues of issue 6, if you beat Danger Girl again.

Raul Sanchez

Sent by Electro Magneto.

Good show, young man. Our hats off to you. While we are not entirely sure exactly who this "Danger Girl" to whom you more than once refer might be, we venture that she sounds like a vexatious little strumpet and is almost certainly deserving of a vigorous beating, perhaps with a taws or riding crop. Why I'll wager you'd buy six issues if we did that, wouldn't you, you cheeky little bounder? Here's a shilling, don't spend it on gin. When we were your age we were all dying of pleurisy up chimneys, but it was character-forming, and that's how we beat the Hun. Now be off with you, before we tell your Father.



SECRET CODE MESSAGE:

20-33/ 29-20-7-2-28/ 17-11/ 24-17-8-18/ 8-21-3-33-19-20-21-7/ 11-22-20-29-8-23-9/ 14-17/ 11-20-25-8-18-30/ 17-8-14/ 17-21-12/ 11-8-25-7-20-33-25/ 20-33-11-16-21-28-20-29-3/ 15-20-19-19-4-3/, 31-18/ 31-17-17-23-5/ 16-27-19/ 31-23/ 17-21-12-20-4-29/ 29-17-22-14-2-30/ 24-17-8/ 11-16-33-21-24/ 2-5-6-19-30-19/, 14-17-17-4/ 1-8-25-7-20-33-7/ 19-20-31/ 11-8-13/ 28-17/ 19-26-22-28-2.

ANSWERS IN BRIEF:

Accidental Hysterectomy (Miss J.N.) – 1 Are you sure you were using the syringe correctly? 2. No, the publishers cannot accept legal responsibility for any of the items advertised in these pages. 3. Well., for G___'s sake woman, what do you expect from a company with a name like that?

Hopelessly Lost (G.G.T.) – 1 Well, go to the window. Can you see any street signs? What language are they in? 2. No, we are not aware of any existing nation that uses snails as currency. 3 Frankly, the ritual of eating human flesh doesn't tell us much. You could be pretty much any place, or at least any place where they dress up as, and worship, a giant centipede. 4. We're by no means certain, but after a quick show of hands, more than half of us thought "probably Wales"

Boyish Camaraderie (S.L.) – 1 It is perfectly natural to feel deep bonds of friendship for other lads in the First Eleven, or, indeed in our own experience, for a burly Rastafarian at three in the morning on Clapham Common. 2. No, we have never heard such a practice described. Does it matter what sort of biscuit? 3 That is, of course, a matter for you and you alone to decide, although we feel that between £15 and £20 sounds reasonable

Painfully Insecure (M.B.) – Oh, grow up and stop getting on everybody's nerves you wheedling little non-entity. No wonder your Mother abandoned you.

"We have heard of this device, above London. They say that it was powered by light, but this is surely fantastic. Can it be true? Also, they tell us that the Sikh is still alive and played some part in this affair. I must confess that I do not know what to think. And now these fireballs in the sky! Our element is all in uproar, it would seem. What next? Whatever next?"

Robur, in private correspondence with Luftkapitan Mors, August 12th, 1898

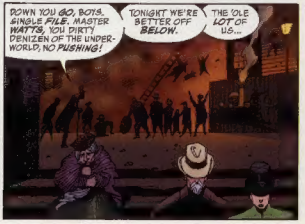
DIRECT SALES
00611>
7 61941 21837 3
wildstorm.com

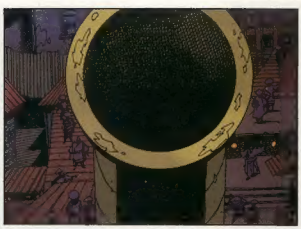
6: The Day of Be-With-Us.

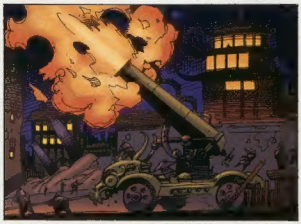
OH DEAR GOD, MR. QUARTERMAIN! THIS IS HORRIBLE!
YES. WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE NAUTILUS.
STAND ASIDE. WE'RE IN A HURRY!
SORRY, GUV'NOR.

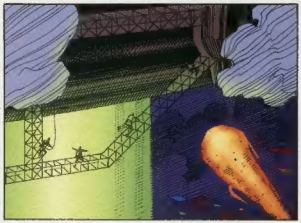
I 'AD 'IS TART'S PURSE, MR. DODGER...
GOOD LAD, MITCHELL... BUT OTHER MATTERS NEED ATTENDIN'.
AIR WAR, BOYS! THAT'S SOMETHIN' NEW! NEEDS ARTFUL SOLUTION, THAT DOES.

STRIKES ME WHAT'S NEEDED IS SOME SORT O' SHELTER, UNDER THE GROUND, FOR PREFERENCE.
MITCHELL? JEMMY UP A DRAIN-COVER, SHARPISH, LAD.
YESS, MR. DODGER...


DOWN YOU GO, BOYS. SINGLE FILE. MASTER WATTS, YOU DIRTY DENIZEN OF THE UNDERWORLD, NO PUSHING!
TONIGHT WE'RE BETTER OFF BELOW.
THE 'OLE LOT OF US...







DEAR GOD! LOOK AT THAT, THE DOCTOR HAS WAR-KITES AND AERIAL CANNON.
CAN LONDON SURVIVE THIS?

GREAT GODS, WE'RE DROPPING LIKE A STONE! I WARNED YOU...
HYDE, LET GO! YOU'RE SINK-ING US...
URRRNGH! BUGGER YOU, GRIFFIN...

AAAAH!
DEAR GOD, DEAR GOD, WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
PLEASE HOLP ME, MR. QUATERMAIN!
M-MISS MURRAY? I...

OORRGHH...
ALLAN, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, WILL YOU DO AS I SAY?!